

HOW THEY ARE MADE

HOW are the musical forces mixed? How do the makers mix the jokes and capers, the songs and dances, which are contributed by sometimes as many as half a dozen persons for a single play? Well, often the stage director is the blender of the various materials. But in the cases of "Glittering Gloria" and "The Good Old Summer Time" there were two writers only for each—one for the language and one for the music. The processes were differently peculiar, too. "Glittering Gloria" was at first a plain farce and in that form it was presented in London. The author was C. M. de Munnich, pen-named Hugh Morton, formerly editor and most prolific cynic of Town Topics, the scandalizing journal which makes our "sane" society possible. He thought that his play would do well in America with its glittering chorus girl, Gloria, singing and dancing with the gay gang from the theatre. So he put in the musicals and interpolated, but kept fitted tunes to them. This has resulted in an oddity, as the piece is still a farce in spirit and manner, with songs and dances interpolated, but without the characteristics of extravaganza.

The starting point of "The Good Old Summer Time" was the song which by itself got into hum and whistle two seasons ago, was waiked to everywhere and was hardly yet eliminated from the repertoire of the average songster, written by George Evans, a vaudeville chap known to the public as the Honey Boy, from a sketch with which he had been employed by the management of a stageland as a chum of Blanche Ring, then in a traveling variety company. It is pertinent to be personal here in the case of George Evans, who is on Broadway with an extravaganza, "The Defender," and George gave his song to her. It served to hoist her to a higher position than she had ever occupied in the breast of the balladists. She was the mistress to Mrs. Osborne's play house, that phenomenal freak theatre of rounds and boundaries. Well, she soon lost, or rather she gave up, the Honey Boy, and was thereafter over the separation and may be he is happy.

But that doesn't matter to this narrative of how a dramatic society has been taking its title for a musical farce. Still more adroit is the thorough and complete use he makes of himself. First, he is a dramatic society actor, a horse jockey, though not very amusingly, and a few minutes of it is enough. Second, he suddenly thrusts his hands into a dramatic society comedy, taking a free sight of the audience and for the ensuing hour is the same comic negro that he has been in vaudeville. Third, he comes out as the black vaudeville comedian, and the audience's applause humors him. Fourth, the epilogue humorist. New tunes of his own

and some writing by Ben Shields freshen his old kind of effects.

The structure of "Guttering Gloria" is trebly international. Treble may have been—I don't say it was—a French farce on the theme which shocked us properly and profoundly when Dion Boucicault's "The Two Widows" introduced "Forbidden Fruit" at the awesomely decorated Wallack's theatre of palmy legitimacy, but to which it is now a habit to refer as a "farce" to berate it as peculiar to the present day. Treble, however, is Lester Wallack himself and Harvey Montague acted in that bluishworthy play. But the luscious fruit which Morrell Wallack picked up and ate is dated up to today. Gloria is one of those chorus girls who get \$15 a week on the stage and lets you guess how much elsewhere. The author shows that she knows her own business in the way in which she brags of her depravity, and Adele Ritchie doesn't blush to impersonate her. The actress, fair and plump, is a good deal like the slender figure of a shepherdess "has been shrewdly chosen to eternalize what might seem like an imp of mischief." The author's wit is good, but it never utter no indicative word save when she sings of her remunerated wretchedness in London and of her hope that they will be as rich as royalty in New York. Entirely British-made, it has been the atmosphere of the farce as played at the lately knighted Wyndham's theatre, even though four of its men commanded the highest salaries as reward of demerit for Gloria. Two are London types of young men, with a bride and a fiancée to be excited by the prospect of a rich, snuff-taking rural solicitor and a fourth is a blatant, bellcote ranchman from Texas.

The musical addition is the distinctly American element, The Hengler sisters, with pretty faces and expressionless as dolls and joints as flexible in jumping jacks, are here, a valet in a tuxedo, and a pair of dancing girls. They are voiceless, but as nimble as their father, Tom Hengler, used to be, and their dance is like a dainty reminiscence of the old-time dancing. The best of the feminine songs, which is the wickedest also, is allotted to Miss Ritchie, and is called "The Hothouse." The songs are to be sung and to be placed therein, to be cut and wired for the big tinsel bouquet. The song which will be most widely heard outside the theatre is "The Irish," an easy Irish melody, much like the worn-out "Bedelia." Eugene O'Rourke sings it with all the brogue that his strong Irish voice can give. The gallery whistles its chorus with him.

These two plays serve to illustrate the different standpoints from which many of us, including some of our newspaper reviewers, view entertainments on and off Broadway. Every merit in "Glittering Gloria" is minim-

fized and every defect magnified. It is a rare coincidence with "The Good Old Summertime." Time, the stage center of the town, George Evans is the only colored actor in it, and he is the only colored actress of any account; but the one man is so industriously funny and the numerous girls are so lively, pretty and beautiful, that the play is a most delightful. We don't disdain even the ever-same Irishman, German, Bowerly and the like, but we are glad to see them, though all are done by wooden actors, and we are rapturous over the truly good display of show girls in their various guises, the shimmies, the belles, slouchy slum maidens, Japs in kimonos and jockeys in saddle breeches. A new tune which I pick out for popularity is "The Good Old Summertime," an attempt by Evans to duplicate the one after which he names his. It is a very good thing, and is one in which an Oriental theme is scored excellently and made a graceful pantomime, but it is "Keep Away From Rosie," and this is a very good, lively melody and its refrain of warning to all admirers of Rosie to keep out of her way is a rivalry as racy with ragtime negroism.

It doesn't seem to me that the minutes in any play were ever more turbulent with noise and commotion than live that are in "The Pit." And I take it that the same is true of all the mobs and battles in melodrama, but that the thunder storms, volcanic eruptions, earthquake upheavals and other commotions in the spectacles. The scene is in the grain pit and the exchange board of trade at the climax of an attempt to corner the wheat market, and the action is the fight of the speculators in a tumult which sounds like an outbreak of lunatics in an asylum and looks like an encounter of athletes on a football field. The confusion, provided by sounds of the impending struggle, as heard in a broker's office nearby, and it ends with the dash of the boss of the market, who is the villain, and who will despair and his assaults of manic frenzy silencing and quieting the rest of them. He is the Curtis Jadinov of the play, a real life character, a stock impersonator is Wilton Lackaye, strong lunged and stalwart. Yet when Lackaye came before the curtain on the first night, he was so full of life and breath and disheveled in dress that, if we hadn't seen him in the mimic melee we might have mistaken him for a man who had really come out to warn us of a fire disaster.

Mr. Lackaye told us that the play, like the book, is meant to assert and illustrate the evil of estrangement that commonly arises between husbands engrossed in business affairs and wives who take no heed of them. The author made Jadwin neglect his home to operate on 'change, and his lonely wife goes to the verge of elopement with a lover in sympathy with her position.

nature. The acting version of the story makes the bane of commercial gambling the more appreciable theme, partly because the representation of the game is so realistic, and so convincing as to overpower all else that is done, but more than that because Channing Pollock, who wrote it, has been crude and clumsy in his effort to carry over the life of the life's side of the case. William F. Brady, in a vital episode of the wheat cornerer's downfall, Brady directed the production, which he planned, too, and paid for with a firm and free hand; and he led the cast with a firm and free hand here. Luckaye is finely artistic, even during the physical fury, for then his facial expressions are eloquent while his words are lost in the uproar. So is the rest of the cast, in the struggle against Mrs. Jadwin in fixing and holding the attention of the audience.

Nevertheless, the third act of "The Pitt" is given up to the wife, in that room of books, pictures, statuary and music which the novel describes as the magnificent temple of Mrs. Jadin's aestheticism, from which Jadin stays away, and which she loves to enter, and the very compatible Corthell plays the organ, lulls her conscience and almost leads her astray. It is here that the playwright roughens rather than smooths the rugged and venerable material of the book and so loses much of its value. The first act consists of the sentimental encounter of Jadin and Laura Dearborn in the lobby of the theatre, and the second act, which with a display of the fashionable people of the city. The act gives the amateur theatrical rehearsal on the Cressers' lawn and brings the two to a belated meeting in the garden. The theme which popularized Norris' novel is delayed till the play is half over.

Probably you have not read Bernard Shaw's play, "The Man of Destiny." Less than 3,000 of the books containing it have been sold in all America. Anyway, you have heard of it, and you know that at the hour of disfigure by Napoleon Bonaparte and a girl named merely as "a lady," broken briefly by the attack of two minor generals, the Emperor, 26 years of age, was slain in Italy. She has intercepted a letter from France telling that his wife had been killed in a sabre charge, and at the hour of the verbal fight, she has possession of that consequential letter, be alternately bullying and cajoling him, she defying and bewitching him, all the while, indeed, but it is not the scandal. The salient thing in Shaw's piece as a delineation of Bonaparte, there are more than heard of himself for the throne. The wit of the writing is keen and it carries some satire of England, but the picture of the Emperor is infinitely more accurate than any of the Bonaparte. French history and novels give many accounts of his exploits in love and war while he was a fighting

dictator at home. From some of those sources a melodrama was put together or Edward H. Sothern, who made himself look like the authentic portraits made at that period. Francis Wilson imitated the same original in a Napoleonic comic opera with some serious tendencies, though he located the scenes in Egypt. Arnold Daly, who assumes the character in the Shaw piece, copies the pictures still more closely than Sothern or Wilson did, as his face permits an almost exact resemblance.

This Bonaparte doesn't clasp his hands, he thrusts one of them into the breast of his coat. He doesn't use his legs in strides or straddles. His long hair hasn't been cropped and he has a beard that reaches to the middle of his forehead. He is rude in manner, careless in foliot and in no way does he resemble the man who would develop into Napoleon the First. Shaw makes him and "the lady" admire each other before their conference is over. Caesar's wife being above suspicion is applied to Josephine and the scandalous lady is the "lady," who has shown herself to be a venturesome creature, says to the general, whose earlier exploits she has heard of, "I wonder how you would Caesar's wife," meaning Mrs. Bonaparte, "be above suspicion if she were?" The audience is drawn so snugly close together, and the desirous man replies to the inviting girl, "I think the audience is come to think the worst of them."

Arnold Daly, who came suddenly within the area of stage art and literature by producing Shaw's "Candida," and now fixes himself firmly there by his play "The Philanderer," and "The Mark of Destiny," was an office boy in the Frohman establishment only a few years ago. Nature had qualified him for the stage, and he had played a small role and he rapidly became a clever actor of eccentric characters. But no one accredited him with the ability, or even the ambition, to become a dramatist. He was told of him that, getting into a discussion of the proper reading of Antony's oration in "Julius Caesar," he had turned to a book of "Antony and Cleopatra" to find the passage in question. But plainly that was libelous. No one speaks of him as a dramatist, and his writing betrays any lack of education, though most of its excellence does manifestly come of an intuitive dramatic sense rather than slavish study. He is a great success.

MOTHERLY LANDLADY.

Why Kistriek Has Given Notice of
Intention to Give Up His Room.
(Chicago News.)

When Kistrick first came to the city he had the good fortune to fall in with a motherly landlady, who took an interest in him from the first. She mentioned the fact that she had a married son of her own, who lived in Seattle, and she declared that Kistrick was the living, breathing image of her son. He was not his age, but Mrs. Piedermel, which was the motherly landlady's name, once showed Kistrick a tintype picture of the son. Kistrick said to himself: "Well, if I look like that—!"

However Mrs. Piedermel was so anxious

He liked to eat, so careful about his health and other little matters tending to his personal comfort that Kistrick was satisfied.

After Kistrick made a few acquaintances he began to go out a little in the evenings, and this gave Mrs. Pledgum much concern. She began to see him in the streets and to notice that he was growing thinner. It was her opinion that he was not getting enough sleep.

One evening after supper Kistrick came down stairs very much dressed up, and tried to sneak out of the house, but his motherly landlady was on the watch and caught him.

"Now you are not going out again tonight, Mr. Kistrick, are you?" she said, coaxingly.

"Yes," said Kistrick, half-apologetically. "But then I'll be back a little after 10 o'clock."

"I wish you'd go to bed and get a good night's rest."

"I've got to go out," said Kistrick.

"Then just wait a minute," said the landlady. "I'd like you to take something for me before you go."

Kistrick sighed as she bustled off. He thought perhaps it was some letters that she wanted mailed, but it seemed that it was coffee. "It's a cold night," said Mrs. Fiedermel, "and it will do you good to drink it right down." And Kistrick, thankful to go

of so easily, drank it down. He was not, however, drinking at his destination and the prospect seemed good for a prolonged tete-a-tete. The girl was particularly radiant and gracious. For the first half-hour Kistrick thought he was in paradise. Then he began to feel the tide of the night was horrible, but he couldn't help it: an undeniable drowsiness seemed to be stealing over him. In a strangely distressed manner once or twice he made efforts to arouse himself and be entertaining, but he soon relapsed. After a little he felt himself shaken by the shoulder pretty energetically and a girl, who he had not seen before, was visible to him going home and getting to bed. He realized dimly that this was the girl's father and he struggled to his feet and with some assist-

The fresh air revived him sufficiently to enable him to get home, but he was no sooner in his room than he rolled over on the bed and slumbered like a log until wakened by Mrs. Pledermel pounding on his door and telling him that breakfast was ready.

When Kistrick reached home that

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THEY WORK WITH
BEST FOR TEETH

evening he found a letter awaiting him. It was addressed in a feminine hand and its contents filled him with despair. At dinner he had no appetite, but when his coffee came to him he drank it thoughtfully, and, after two or three sips, turned suddenly on Mrs. Pledermel.

"Do you think that there could possibly have been anything in that coffee you gave me last night?" he asked—"in the cup, for instance? Something affected me most strangely and

"I can't think what it could have been unless—"

Mrs. Priedermel smiled complacently. "Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Sleep!" began Kistnick. "I thought I didn't mean to tell you," said the motherly landlady. "But I thought I'd play a little joke on you and see if I couldn't make you appreciate your bed. My married niece, when she was here, told me that a bottle of soothing syrup—which I don't add vitamin—"

"—and I thought it wouldn't do you much harm if I gave you a little dose in your coffee."

Kistnick made his landlady call on the chief to question and explain fully. He has recently given notice of his intention to give up his room—as the result of the explanation. Not that he is dissatisfied, he has assured Mrs. Priedermel, but now he is going to keep house.

The Climax.
(Judge.)
A haughty smile curled the patrician lip of the fair Hilca as she stood at the top of the grand staircase, looking down fully down to the tessellated floor of the grand hallway. Carelessly she rested her hand on the balustrade, and gazed at a marvelously carved statuette in Carrara marble, while her eyes took on a stern gaze as she saw the redoubtable Hilca sweep of the richly decorated vestibule. With a half sigh she swept down the stairs, and on the top of the dusty lighted hall she stood, and Hilca, only to be stopped by Mme. Conestogah.
"Hilca," said Mme. Conestogah, "you were wrong to sweep down the stairs. You skipped two or three steps at the landing. And when you finish that you must sweep down the stairs."
"Ay, ay," said Hilca, gripping the broom tightly and thinking of giving notice that she was going.

Nothing Stronger.

(Chicago Tribune.)
 "Your trouble," announced the physician, after a thorough examination, "is an affection of the heart."
 "If anything of that kind is the matter with me, doctor," said the patient, a confirmed old bachelor, "it's purely platonic."

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